

"MASTER of MONEY"

BY ROY VICKERS

CHAPTER XXIV.

"Oh, I can't believe you mean that," protested the woman. "You'll need me, I tell you as sure as stand here you'll need me. You haven't had any experience, nor Mr. Brennanway I should say, though he's one of the nicest gentlemen that ever walked. You don't know how it is when you go to hotels, they always know you."

"Alice!" interrupted Shirley. "I appreciate your desire to help me but I'm sorry that I have no further need for your services after you have done what I have just told you."

"Oh, very well," said Alice, shrugging her shoulders. "I can only say I'm sorry, and you'll be sorry too, when you two leave here together."

Shirley sat still and heard the woman go outside and speak to Carter. The sense of outrage was so great that she dared not move. When she heard the car start towards the barn, she relaxed.

"Oh, my God!" She pressed her hands over her face while dry sobs shook her. For the moment she was almost frightened. Everything that she had believed solid and permanent seemed to have been destroyed. She had envisaged poverty in a vague way—impersonal poverty where one was bored and had to do without things. But caste was a fundamental reality to her.

In a few minutes Alice with nothing but friendly, even kindly intentions, had shown her that the edifice of society in which she had wholeheartedly believed was founded on shifting sand.

Alice who believed that she was conducting a futile intrigue with Alan and had been accidentally found out by her husband—Alice had revealed the existence of a hideous comradeship that shocked her beyond her own belief.

Would the world take Alice's view of her? Would the world think that she and Alan had been fugitive lovers? At the thought the fighting instinct welled up in her. Alan should not be made the object of Alice's sympathy if any action of hers could prevent it. She knew a moment of wild anger against Roger—she felt an overpowering desire to strike at him, to beat him down.

She picked up his letter and read it yet again. This time the style impressed her. It was stilted and artificial and insufferably pompous. She had a fleeting vision of him crying in her sitting room—blubbering like a frightened child.

"I'll frighten him again!" she exclaimed suddenly. "I'll let him see that if he is going to drag Alan into the mire he shall go to prison. He will not dare to go on with the divorce then."

She began to feel her strength of will returning, felt that she was beginning to steer her own course instead of drifting with the tide.

She would have to tell Alan, of course, but she saw him and put him on his guard. She wished he would come back. As she formed the wish she heard footsteps.

She ran to the window. It was Mrs. Downey, the farmer's wife, who looked after the cottage for Alan.

Paradoxically, if Alan had been with her she would never have given a second thought to Mrs. Downey. As it was, alone in the cottage, she was conscious of a certain embarrassment.

"Good morning," You're Mrs. Downey, aren't you," she said. "I'm Mrs. Kelson. My car broke down last night and Mr. Brennanway very kindly put me up."

She felt the woman's shrewd scrutiny, and knew that she regarded all city people with a certain suspicion.

"Oh," said Mrs. Downey, and hitched unconcernedly into the kitchen.

Shirley went out into the road to wait for Alan.

Shirley had waited no more than a minute when she saw Alan rounding the bend in the road some hundred yards away. Of a sudden, fear seized her, that odd, unreasoning fear of his anger that she had felt before. And because she was afraid of those unknown, elemental forces in him she ran to meet him.

Alan had caught sight of her and wondered why she was waiting in the road. When she began to run it meant one thing only to him—Shirley in trouble. All other thoughts of her was scattered as he sprinted forward to meet her.

"Hallo, what's the matter?" he shouted, and before she could answer they were abreast.

Shirley thrust Roger's letter at him. She was breathless, more with excitement than with the short run.

"Roger sent me this by a servant," she gasped out. "All the servants know about it."

She kept her eyes on his face while he read the letter. There was a faint flicker of the eyebrows, but beyond that no sign of what he felt.

He folded the letter, returned it to its envelope and gave it back to her. Her deliberateness alarmed her. He had begun to walk in the direction of the cottage and she was walking by his side.

"Why be indignant with him for writing that letter, Shirley?" asked Alan. "It's very natural behavior on his part."

"But he has no cause for—" "Quite so. But he thinks he has."

ter. You've got the whip-hand. You can stop him from bringing this action."

Alan frowned.

"By suing him for the money he owes me?" he challenged.

"No, Shirley, I lent him the money for a definite purpose, as you know, and I'm not going back on it."

"No, you needn't sue him. I wasn't thinking of that. But if you were to sue him and tell him that he has no cause for divorce—tell him he must bring the action—he's afraid of you, Alan."

"Not because he owes me money."

"No, perhaps not because of that, but—"

Shirley hesitated. In the vast muddle in her brain there lingered some idea that it was not fair to betray the whole of Roger's confession to Alan.

"Because he knows that I could put him in prison if I cared to make a few inquiries?" demanded Alan.

She caught her breath.

"You know, then?"

"You told me so, Shirley."

"When you were telling me how well you were doing you men-

tioned that he had made a few thousands over some Stock Exchange tip or other. I knew enough of his affairs to know that he had no capital to invest in a tip on the Stock Exchange. Moreover, the other night when he believed Corto Bellas to stand at fifty-eight, he offered to pay me back fifty thousand dollars.

"By a little simple arithmetic and study of the market columns I was able to calculate that he must have put over a quarter million into Corto Bellas to be able to make me that offer. He is at his father's game and he must have begun by losing a quarter million."

"I gave him the right to do what he liked with my money," she put in irrelevantly.

"That means that you've lost everything," he pointed out.

"Oh damn the money!" she exclaimed. "We're not talking about that. Are you going to put Roger in prison?"

"No. And I'm not going to threaten him with it—blackmail him into declining to exercise what he believes to be his rights."

"Then—surely you will defend the case!" she tried desperately.

"A lot of trouble and publicity

NEW EQUIPMENT TO BE INSTALLED HERE

In keeping with the policy of the Commonwealth Fund to leave as modern equipment as practical in all branches of its health work in Marion county, new dental equipment and fixtures have been purchased and will be installed the first of the week in a room at the Salem health center.

All dental work, except school and pre-school examinations, will be conducted from this permanent clinic, of which Dr. Estill Brunk is in charge. The old nurses' room in the health center is being remodeled to meet the needs of the dentist, and the nursing staff has been moved to the second room on the mail floor of the health center.

This is the first time the dental clinic has been set up in about a year, a room in the old portable school building which stood on the Washington school grounds, having been used previously for

Local Canneries Represented at Northwest Meet

Salem canneries will be well represented at the annual meeting of the Northwest Canners association which will be held in Seattle January 6, 7 and 8.

Reid Murdoch and company will be represented by W. J. Allen, C. H. Kane and Henry Small. C. H. Kane and C. V. Huber will represent the Northwest Packing Co. while Frank Eldson and William Richman will go from the Producers Cooperative cannery. The Star Fruit Products company will be represented by Glen Leagren and D. C. Roberts.

Four representatives of the Oregon Packing company are also expected to attend.

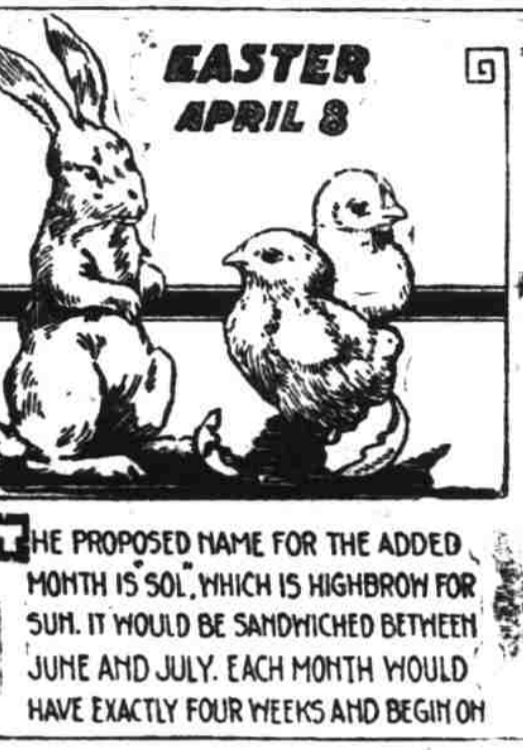
"TELLING TOMMY"

TELL ME ABOUT THE NEW CALENDAR THAT PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT, DADDY.

WELL TOMMY, IT IS PROPOSED THAT WE CHANGE TO A THIRTEEN MONTH CALENDAR OF 28 DAYS EACH.



EASTER APRIL 8



THE PROPOSED NAME FOR THE ADDED MONTH IS SOI, WHICH IS HIGHBROW FOR SUN. IT WOULD BE SANDWICHED BETWEEN JUNE AND JULY. EACH MONTH WOULD HAVE EXACTLY FOUR WEEKS AND BEGIN ON

SAMPLE MONTH, PROPOSED NEW CALENDAR

	N	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31					

HALLOWEEN WOULD BE ON OCTOBER 24TH.



CHRISTMAS DEC. 23



A SUNDAY. THE EXTRA DAY IN THE YEAR WOULD BE DEC. 29 OR YEAR DAY. IN LEAP YEAR AN EXTRA DAY JUNE 29 WOULD BE KNOWN AS LEAP DAY. EASTER WOULD BE A FIXED DAY, APRIL 8. THE SAD PART OF IT ALL IS THAT THERE WOULD BE A FRIDAY THE 13TH EVERY MONTH.

WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE NEW CALENDAR, BETTY?

HUH! I'LL BET IT'S A SCHEME TO MAKE US GO TO SCHOOL ANOTHER MONTH EVERY YEAR!



POLLY AND HER PALS

DON'T CRY, GERTRUDE DARLIN! I'LL FIX IT WITH MAMA, SO Y'WON'T GET A SCOLDING!

Bop!



HEH, HEH! IT'S NUTHIN', COUSIN CARRIE! I JESS BUSTED THIS OLD VASE. THAT'S ALL!

OH! YOU DID IT, EH? I THOUGHT THAT PERHAPS GERTRUDE—



GERTRUDE? NAW!! I'VE ALLUS HATED THE SIGHT OF THE PESKY THING, SO I UP AN' SMASHED IT, SEE?

REALLY? MY POOR DEAR. HOW YOU MUST BE SUFFERING!



DESIST, I BEG OF YOU, SAMUEL! IF YOU KNOW HOW GERTRUDE LOATHED A LIAR, YOU'D SPARE THE CHILD'S FEELINGS, I'M SURE!



OH, TILLIE - I WENT TO SEE A FORTUNE-TELLER AND HE TOLD ME I WAS GOING TO MEET A BLOOND GENTLEMAN VERY SOON. ISN'T THAT WONDERFUL?

HOPE SO, SALLY



TILLIE, THE TOILER

LISTEN, TILLIE - I'M GONNA FIRE MISS KLINKER - SHE'S BEEN OUT OVER FIVE MINUTES OVER HER LUNCH HOUR.

DON'T BE LIKE THAT. WHAT'S FIVE MINUTES?



IF YOU HAVEN'T THE BUSINESS ABILITY TO RUN THIS ORGANIZATION ON A SYSTEMATIC BASIS, I HAVE!

IF YOU'RE SO SYSTEMATIC WHY WERE YOU ON TIME YOURSELF THIS MORNING?



I'M THE BOSS, AND I SAY SHE'S FIRED!

I'M THE BOSS, TOO, AND I SAY SHE ISN'T!



OH, TILLIE - I WENT TO SEE A FORTUNE-TELLER AND HE TOLD ME I WAS GOING TO MEET A BLOOND GENTLEMAN VERY SOON. ISN'T THAT WONDERFUL?

HOPE SO, SALLY



WELL, WORRYIN' WON'T HELP. THAT'S A CUNCH - SO I'LL JUST PRETEND EVERYTHING IS ROSY AND MAYBE IF I PRETEND HARD ENOUGH EVERYTHING WILL BE THE WAY I PRETEND IT IS!



LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY

DON'T WORRY - THE JUDGE WON'T EVER LET THAT WOMAN PUT HER WICKED HANDS ON OUR LITTLE GIRL.

I'LL BE ASKING THE SAINTS TO PUT SEASE IN THE JUDGE'S HEAD -



THE JUDGE IS A SQUARE SHOOTER. AINT HE, AUNT AGGIE? HE WON'T LET HER DRAG ME BACK TO HER OL' ASYLUM, WILL HE? - UNCLE PADDY WILL TELL HIM HOW MEAN SHE TREATS THE KIDS, WON'T HE?



DON'T WORRY YOUR PRETTY HEAD - SURE I KNOW YOU'LL STILL BE LIVING WITH US LONG AFTER WE'RE ALL DEAD!



WELL, WORRYIN' WON'T HELP. THAT'S A CUNCH - SO I'LL JUST PRETEND EVERYTHING IS ROSY AND MAYBE IF I PRETEND HARD ENOUGH EVERYTHING WILL BE THE WAY I PRETEND IT IS!



BY GOLLY I'M TOO LATE! HE'S ALREADY TOLD HER!!



TOOTS AND CASPER

COLONEL HOOVER IS A GAME SPORT. TOOTS! HE GOT STUCK FOR THAT NEW YEARS EVE PARTY, AND HE PAID THE CHECK WITHOUT A SQUAWK! I TOLD THE BOYS IT'S KIND OF MEAN TO STICK THE COLONEL FOR THE BUCKLE THINK SO EACH FELLOW IS GOING TO STAND HIS SHARE OF THE COST!

I'M GLAD YOU ARRANGED IT THAT WAY, CASPER! IT'S THE FAIR THING TO DO!



AFTER ALL COLONEL HOOVER IS MY FRIEND! HE AND I MAY HAVE OUR LITTLE MISUNDERSTANDINGS, BUT I'M FOR HIM AND HIS FOR ME!



I'LL GO TELL HIM THE GOOD NEWS - IT WILL BE A LOAD OFF HIS MIND! HE'S BEEN TRYING TO GET UP NERVE ENOUGH TO TELL HIS WIFE HE PAID FOR THE PARTY, BUT HE'S AFRAID! MRS. HOOVER HAS A TERRIBLE TEMPER!



BY GOLLY I'M TOO LATE! HE'S ALREADY TOLD HER!!



BY GOLLY I'M TOO LATE! HE'S ALREADY TOLD HER!!



Today's Cross-Word Puzzle

By EUGENE SHEPHER

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11				12					13
14			15						16
17		18					19		
22	23			24				25	26
27				28					29
30									32
33				34					35
38	39								41
42					43				44
45									46

- HORIZONTAL**
- 1—have left over
 - 5—state on Gulf of Mexico
 - 11—ripped
 - 12—devoid of vegetation
 - 13—Roman household god
 - 14—heavy English beer
 - 15—male name
 - 16—peel
 - 17—symbol for tellurium
 - 18—slice
 - 19—prices
 - 20—wild male
 - 21—engagement (slang)
 - 22—large convex molding
 - 24—affection
 - 25—prefix meaning "not"
 - 27—on the other side
 - 28—conserve
 - 29—consumed
 - 30—free
 - 31—corn bread
 - 32—the same
 - 33—yard (abbr.)
 - 34—serious
 - 35—drippy
 - 36—delite
- VERTICAL**
- 1—pertaining to statues
 - 2—round slender piece of wood
 - 3—smooth
 - 38—do penance
 - 40—any open space
 - 41—hypothetical force
 - 42—prefix meaning half
 - 43—son of Seth
 - 44—before
 - 45—basic essential parts
 - 46—rude house-like covering
 - 1—those exist
 - 2—note of the scale
 - 5—inhabitant of Arabia
 - 6—lineal (abbr.)
 - 7—prefix meaning toward
 - 8—winged female horse
 - 9—god of war
 - 12—pertaining to the armpit
 - 15—woe is me!
 - 16—top of the head
 - 18—not sweet
 - 19—be enthusiastic over
 - 20—brought up like bird
 - 23—Latin poet
 - 24—narrow path
 - 25—entry in an account
 - 26—sent back for consideration
 - 28—irritated
 - 29—British seaport in Arabia
 - 31—mound of earth
 - 32—original thought
 - 34—kind of cotton cloth
 - 35—evenings
 - 36—spherical roof
 - 37—rod of love
 - 38—suffix meaning "relating to"
 - 39—telegram (abbr.)
 - 40—industrious hymenopteran insect
 - 41—raw metal
 - 42—printer's measure
 - 44—interrogative
- Herewith is the solution to yesterday's puzzle.
- SPARTA WOODEN
HEMITS PHONE
ERNES BOENOV
ASTA BARJ BEE
RIP BIE STAR
EABEAN BEAR
RHUNG GRAY G
MEND FEEL TI
HALT ROME BEL
ALL TALLS COMB
BOOPALS LOPE
IRENE YALE ER
TYLER EFFORT

By PIM

By CLIFF STERRETT

By RUSS WESTOVER

By BEN BATSFORD

By JIMMY MURPHY